A MONOTYPE PARTY.

When the dinner was over in the gallery of

the Salmagundi Club on last Tuesday night

President Van Lacr told the waiters to remove

the dishes and the cloths, but to leave the long

tables at which a hundred members of the club

and their guests had been dining. Incidentally

they had been celebrating the return of a prodigal

to the board on which the fatted calf had been

served in the unconventional and Bohemian

And when the debris of the feast had been re-

moved, a dozen white china plates and a can or

manner of the Salmagundi.

Advertisement.

## THE HEROISM OF PEACHY. A BRITON WHO DID HIS DUTY WHEN ENGLAND CALLED,

The Ultra-British Colony in Iowa and Its Young, Most British Member-His Tobbing, His Admiration of Home and,

Prairie state an aconsiderable group of people from the British lales with no other cohesiveness than their common Britishness. They had no charter, no fad, no social theory, no ultimate object save the laudable one of remaining as stubbornly British as the breezes of lows and the Dakotas would permit. After a bit, however, the Britishness of the solid block of massed thousands began crumbling at the edges. The lump shivered, cracked, disintegrated; then the sound particles returned unharmed to their native strata over seas, leaving behind an insignificant remnant of recreants more or less insignificant remnant of recreants more or less in the solid block. The two teams lined up for the second throw in, the horses stampling and champling, the men infected with deadly Americanism to mark the place where once the sole Briton ruled and suffered. In its decline to-day, even as in its heyday, the colony centre of Prairie City is as worthy a visit by the curious as a Yaquicalpulli or a social settlement.

Before the "Absent-Minded Beggar" was, the Colony exemplified "Cook's son, duke's son, son of a belted earl." They were all there-"Duke's son, cook's son, gardener, baronet, groom." Not one missing-"son of a Lambeth publican," "son of a millionaire." And some of them-to their credit only some of them-"Little black sheep gone astray."

The most thorough Britisher in the Colony was Peachy. He was a mite of a chap. Probably he put on his first tail coat the day he shipped for the States. It was strange that he was permitted to emigrate at all, for though Prairie City was seized as a sheepfold for portionless b-a-baas, white as well as black, lamblets, little lambs, shorn, superfluous younger tons, Peachy was really too pitifully young.

He reached the farm one of a consignment of pups, well-brushed, well-tubbed, sweetbreathed, athletic young Britons; fine samples of the great colonizer's best goods. He took his turn quietly; was assigned to the pigs and something to do with the poultry section. But when the hour struck he was in the van | The Projectors of the Enterprise Say They of the famous First Revolt. He had quailed in secret at the handling of a greasy slop-pail and

he sickened when he saw the black mush of posited as security for the conversion of an heart he fled stock-raising projects and the farm slops. He went into banking, though he be looked upon at Home as a great come-down from the romantic and vague splendor of ranching. The depths of Peachy's desperation may be measured by his reckless declaration that "he did not care a button what they said at Home; banking was cleaner." So it was. Certainly cleaner.

It was on y Peachy's uncontrollable inclination toward cleanliness that could have goaded him into flying in the face of Home dictation. It was the only passion in him stronger than his steely Britishness. What that lad suffered when he had difficulties about his tub in the early Iowa days no pen can ever write. Away from the farm grit, he became once

more a delight to the eye, the very essence of remembered it. His nails were ever exquisite. his hair fixed to a hair, and his infantile complexion had the healthy transparency of a skin just emerged from a steam soak, followed by a dash of icewater. His habit was always suited to the occasion. Conts and trousers, it goes without saying, were London built. His boots, varnished to the limit of varnish possi-bilities, were of London pattern. His gioves were from Home, so were his pipes, so were his sticks, so were his socks, so were his pa-lamas, so were his ties, so were his hats. On the subject of hats Peachy had strong opin-ions: The season, the very months were On the subject of hats Feachy had strong opinions: The seasons, the very months, were accurately marked by Feachy's top-gear. To illustrate: Feachy had not teen long in Iowa when
he heard old Raggy (Capt. Ragglesworth, late of
H. M. Indian Service) declare the months of
July and August to be "on the whole, hot as
Calcutta, by Jove, and devilish more trying"
After that Peachy on the first morning of July After that Peachy on the first morning of July put on a pith heimet, Indian shape, duly decorated with a neat white linen pusgaree, which puggaree was replaced each succeeding morning by an immaculately fresh one until the evening of the last of August, when the hat and its next pile of spotless covers were banished to the interior of Peachy's boxes, to be resurrected only on the first day of the July following.

sery, the other chaps did not take it well when he set up to lecture them on this or that point of English u-age—a distinctly nasty halit of his. When the club put mits new billiard table, Peachy viewed it with disdain. "What beastly big balls," he drawled. "Beastly form." And he walked to the window and with great And he walked to the window and with great dignity spread out the latest London Hillsatrated. Nor could be be persuaded to play with the objectionable American bilitard balls. When Peachy discovered that Milwaukee might be called for in the sacred precincts of the English Club, he paled.

"Have a bottle of beer with me youngster," big red Puff-puff bawled out one day, coming in all hot and perspiring.

"A bottle of what?"

"Beer."

"Beer."

"Beer."

"Beer."

"Beer."

"Beer."

"In ever heard of gentlemen drinking beer in England."

And he actually stalked out of the club. Nor did he return for three whole days.

When Peachy had been a Prairie City fixture for some years he threw the colony into fits by marrying. It was not the mere marrying.

That was to be expected from so good an Englishman. But marrying an American, actually an American, and that, too before such a number of examples had been set by his native aristocracy. American alliances were not at that time thoroughly approved at home. After such a falling off from his self-set standard, he naturally rebounded and became more aggressively British than ever.

This is the only way it could be ever accounted for that after marriage he took to polo. For unbeigeveable though it may seem.

Peachy, the Englishman, was afraid of a horse.

polo. For unbelieveable though it may seem, Feachy, the Englishman, was afraid of a horse. It was pathetic, though some coarse mindsfound it amusing, to witness his struggles to conceal this shameful weakness. He talked horse by the hour. He was keen on the Derby and all other English races. He saithfully attended local meets, though he loathed the dust and the smell of the track. Once or twice he had come periously near being persuaded into steerling. Some nucky chance always saved him, however. But now with the necessity in him for some flerce expression of patriotism, he recklessly took up polo as the most intensely British demonstration in his power.

power.

The young wife thought polo "jolly good fun." She was "tickled to death to see Reggy play." To the surprise of the athletes he did fairly well. That is, so-so," said Puff-puff who was polo mad. "It sonly that he's such a lazy beggar. He doesn't get out half often enough."
For the whole of the first senson he managed to escape an exhibition: but his day was bound to come. By some irony of fate it was the Fourth of July. The British polo game had been advertised in three-foot letters, as ted as the day itself, as one of the celebration's attractions. And on the yery morning Culbertson, the second team's number two, sprained his back at a quiet game of tennis. Kismet!

If there was one day more than another in the American calendar loathed by the English Peachy, it was the glorious Fourth. "Such beastly rot and such beastly rowing," he would say. But true to his principles, when British credit was threatened, he came manfully to the beasily rot and such beasily rowing," he would say. But true to his principles, when British credit was threatened, he came manfully to the rescue. The game must be played and no job or tittle of its giory diminished. He was in the enemy's country, and could a Briton quail? Never. He would substitute.

He drove to the polo ground in Mrs. Reggy's trap. Between the pleasant green lawns, under the double row of satiny cottonwoods, across the bistering iron tracks, down through biain street with its wispy cheesecloth decorations, its thousand flars, its heated crowds, white dresses, blue sashes, rosy hats, fire-crackers, to reedoes, shown making, red, white and blue flags, lemo, ade and lee cream vendors, little flags, children fretung, children staring, children struting starry flags, merrygo-rounds gritting allen howery tunes as the painted horses gally whitled, whistles shrilling. Union flags flapping, talk, laughter, hubbub, anvils booming, brasses tootting, drums banging, American flags snapping, all on the march to the fair grounds, to the basebail game, to the briggle racing, to the band contest, to the firmen's contest, to the basebail game, to the polo game—throughit all, Peachy, elaborately bored, drove in Mrs. Reggy's csrt.

He felt unwell; he hated such violent expressions of pairlotism; so un-English. And then too, every minute of the way he was distinctly conscious of the sidings of the blue-syed calico mustang, polo equipped, following under the care of his man.

At the little private clubhouse within the ring he jumped out and joined the group of hurrying, scurrying men and flicking ponies. Essaying to pat his own animal's shoulder as she came up, she sprang sideways from his tongen.

bing. His Admiration of Home and, Alas! His Fear of a Horse—The Last
Fatal Game of Polo on July 4.

LEMARS, I.a. Dec. 29.—A few years ago there existed in a fertile and lovely quarter of the prince State an English colony. It comprised flass fiddle, sir."

"Oh, I dare say," assented Peachy with fake excelessness.

The two teams lined up for the second throw in, the horses stamping and champing, the men glowing and steaming, and again they were off, like an eddying whirlwind dancing back and forth between the near and far goals. And ever the spotted mustang flashed across and across the field, a shuttling streak of animated light.

Just at the end of the first twenty, and not a goal to either side, Paachy got in a splendid back hander straight for the flags. The ball whizzed like a white, hot rocket, and its shrill song drew a wild enthusiastic response from the spectators.

"Gad, look at Peachy!" shrieked the men at

'Gad, look at Peachy!" shrieked the men at

THE TUNNEL FROM IRELAND TO ENG-LAND.

## Are Ready to Carry It Out at Once.

The promoters of the project for connecting Ireland and Great Britain by a sub-marine tunthe pig-wallow. So it was with extraordinary | nel say they have interested capitalists who will theerfulness that he forfeited the £100 fee de- subscribe all the funds needed to dig the tunnel. They do not ask the government to Eton lad into an Iowa farmer. With a glad contribute a penny to the enterprise until the tunnel is completed and trains are running between the two islands. They ask, however, knew well that common-place banking would that, after the completion of the work, the Government guarantee the payment of 3 per cent. interest on the capital invested. A large number of members of Parliament are taking great interest in the enterprise and last month they attended a meeting called for the purpose of hear ing the views of leading mining engineers on the feasability of the scheme.

The route has not actually been selected and the comparative advantages of three routes have been discussed. The most northern of these routes, marked A on this map is considerably the shortest, but so long a detour would be required to carry trains up the peninsula on the Scottish side and then down the coast that the route has met with small favor. The route marked B, between Magee Island in County Antrim and specklessness and the mould of form, as he | Port Patrick on the Scottish coast is pronounced by the engineers to be thoroughly practicable.



PROPOSED CANAL ROUTES.

The length of the tunnel across this part of the North Channel would be thirty three and one-half miles, and the cost sestimated at \$10,000,000. The tunnel would be by far the longest yet excavated, but engineers say that with the present improvements in methods and machinery for tunnel digging the project is perfectly feasible. They mention that when the digging of the Saint Gothard tunnel was began in 1872, the work advanced only 7.48 feet a day. Eight years later the work was advancing at the rate of 29.52 feet a day and in 1883 the digging of the Ariberg tunnel was carried forward at the rate of over thirty-six feet a day.

The advocates of this route maintain that the tunnel will establish the shortest possible communication between Ireland, on the one hand, and the whole of Scotland and North England on the other. The agricultural products of Ireland would be within easy reach of the many industrial cities of Scotland and North England, and practically all the passenger trade between North Ireland and these parts of Great Britain would pass through the tunnel. It is easy to see from the map that the tunnel would bring North Ireland nearer to Scotland, England, and the continent than any other route. It is also asserted that if the tunnel is built and regular communication by rail thus established between England and Ireland some of the transatlantic stamming companies will undoubtedly make one of the west coast ports of Ireland the point of departure of its American service. By this means the duration of the voyage between America and Great Britain may be abridged by a day to a day and a half.

Most of the engineers favor this route, but a mindity maintain that it would be preferable.

ica and Great Britain may be abridged by a day to a day and a half.

Most of the engineers favor this route, but a minority maintain that it would be preferable to dig the canal between Ireland and England under St. George's Channel along the line marked C on the map. They say that it is more important to connect the southern regions of Ireland and England by tunnel, that more people would be accommodated and that the all-rail route between the Irish west coast and London would be much shorter and more attractive to the transatiantic passenger trade. On the whole, however, this route has not so many advocates as route B which, there is little doubt, will be indicated in the legislation soon to be proposed in Parliament.

RAILROAD BUILDING IN 1899.

Year-Best Record Since 1890. country in regard to the building of new railroads during the past year, and finds that about 4,500 miles have been added in that time This is the greatest amount of new railroad that has been built in any one year since 1890, when 5,670 miles increase in prices for rails and other supplies is helieved to have had a material effect in keeping down the new mileage, and the coming year will

without doubt see continuation of building. Iowa stands at the head of the list of States in its figures for new mileage with 585 miles to its credit, although the previous ten years had seen little or no additions made to its railroads. A notable fact about the railroad building of the year by new companies, while a number of the older roads have made important extensions. As examples, the Chicago and Northwestern has built 3571, miles; the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, 98 miles; the Northern Pacific, 96 miles in the United States and 29 miles in Canada; the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, 82 miles; the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, 160 miles; the Hilmois Central, 190 miles; the Burlington system, 80 miles; the Louisville and Nashstille, 74 miles; the Louisville and Nashstille, 74 miles; the Control, 74 miles, and the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf, 162 miles. During 1899 Massachusetts had the lowest record of new trackage, the number of miles being only 4.20. by new companies, while a number of the older

A MATTER OF INTEREST TO REAL ESTATE DEALERS.

"Satisfied Liens," "Lis Pendens" and "Foreclosure Suits" and other necessary Real Estate News is printed in complete detail each day in The Sun. You need this in your business. No other paper gives such attention to this detail.—Adv.

the funniest thing of the kind that I ever heard of.

Bates?" "That's my name, said Jim. 'What do you want"

"A note sir,' said the boy. "The gentleman said there might be an answer, and that I was to call back here in five minutes to see!"

"Without the slightest suspicion of anything but a formal communication from some friend, Jim opened the letter. There's no use in my commenting on what was inside. I'll give you what it said, as near as I can remember it now. It read: "Several years ago a very benevolent-looking man put up at one of the principal hotels in this city. He came from a city in Massachusetts, and was in New York to attend a meeting of Presbyterians who were interested in some charitable movement involving the expenditure of a large commenting on what was inside. I'll give you what it said, as near as I can remember it now. It read:

"DEAR MR. BATES: You are a very bright young man but your methods are a little crude. I have met many scoundrels in my day, but never before one who was so easy to work as you. It would be foolish for me to tickle your vanity even to the extent of pretending that I was deceived in you for a moment; also it would be a lie. I am tempted to come down and give you a few ressons in the profession you have chosen, but if I yielded to all of the temptations that have come to me in the last few days, I am afraid that you would be in the hospital now instead of waiting to take me on a trip around the town. Take a piece of advice from a man who is old enough to be your father and don't think that every man who wears white whiskers and goes to church is a fool. There is nothing more for me to say excepting that the money you contributed to the cause of foreign missions will be properly applied. Thanks for it, also for the money you gave to assist in the elevation of fatien men. In fifteen minutes I will be downstairs to take that walk around town with you. Will you be ready? My messenger will call for an answer. Yours truly, "JOHN SMITH."
"Well, Stim Jim Bates took the largest tumble to himself after the read that welter that he had sum of money. Smith is as good a name as any to use for this man from New England. He was about sixty years of age, with a long, flowing beard and the general appearance "Gal, look at Peachy!" shrieked the men at the touch line.

"Splendid! Oh, lovely!" cried the women.

"Gee whiz, but that's a daisy bat! Slide to home!" yelled a leather lunged granger, atamping on the dashboard of his wagon.

"Bully for you, kid." panted the captain of the reds, old Puff-puff, as he thundered along behind. "Follow it up; follow it up!"

The young American wife stood rigid in her cart, silent, almost breathless, cheeks crimson, eyes dewy with passionate admiration.

And then reds was a cadeverous-looking young man, with a hungry look about him and a general appearance of sanctity. Added to this was remarkable power of conversation, and a convincing way that would fool many a man who thinks he is a wise one. Slim Jim was what might be called a very successful bunce man, a fact which he attributed to his absolute confidence in himself. Success had been so invariable with him that once he got on with a man nothing would convince him that the man was not as good as pluckel. It was this peculiarity that proved his undoing in the affair that I am going to tell young half. of a mark-that is, from the confidence you about

"By a coincidence, of course, Mr. Bates and Mr. Smith breakfasted together one morning at the hotel where the latter was stopping during his visit to town. Mr. Bates in that way com mon to members of his profession but beyond the knowledge of the layman had contrived to learn enough about his chance table companion to give him a ground work to start on. Mr. Smith hadn't half eaten his omelet before he was discussing foreign missions with the solemn looking young man opposite him. The two men went far into the subject, Slim Jim differing with the man from New England just enough to keep the discussion going and to add a spice to it. "Last year,' said the slim one, 'it was a matter

of much indecision with me whether to give my regular contribution to the foreign missions or to put it in the hands of those men who are devoting their lives to similar work at home. I took the trouble to look into the matter a bit, and I found that the needs at home were far greater than those abroad. So I added my mite to the home mission fund.' "Now this little speech made a hit with the man

from Massachusetts. He thought he would like to see more of his new friend. In time, he said he felt sure that he could show Mr. Bates, for Jim had given his own name, that he was wrong in believing that home missions were of more importance than foreign ones. Mr. Bates expresed himself as more than pleased with the prospect of a further discussion, and that ended the first meeting. "Of course it looked like easy meat. Slim.Jim

hugged himself with glee as he sneaked into a barroom around the corner and got a couple of drinks to take the bad taste out of his mouth. drinks to take the bad taste out of his mouth. He spent the next afternoon playing checkers with his new friend and for a week after, there were regular afternoon checker meetings in the parior of the hotel. It got to be a little tiresome to Jim, but as he used to say, business is business, and so the weary work of playing the fish went on. From time to time, Jim tried to bring about the crisis. He knew that the old man had a whole heap of money in New York banks, also that he was a man who carried considerable sure that he was a man who carried considerable sums around with him at times. With such a good thing right in hand there was no use in chancing So the checker games

of study in his own characteristic manner, which presently upon issuing from the press was of the discussions of foreign and home missional the discussions of foreign and home missions, how home discussions of foreign and home discussions of painting in printing in printing in the angel of the discussions of painting in printing into an angel of his had been waiting day and high for over ten days for the man from the special part of the town which is the horizon of the home discussions of painting in printing into an angel of his had been waiting day and high for over ten days for the man from the which it is not the proved days. The part of the foreign and home discussions of painting in printing into an angel of his had been waiting day and high for over ten days for the man from the home discussions of painting in printing in of his new frenchs. He organt that only a design of his new french, and forgat that only a farm on he had tool Mr. Smith that he had not also the second of the second with the had not also the second with the had not also the had not directly a second with the had not his second with the had not his second with the had not h

SLIM JIM BATES'S MISTAKE.

A BUNCO STRERER WHO WAS LED TO HELP FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Thought He'd Found a Profitable Victim in a Benevolent Looking Stranger Interested in Philanthrop—Process of Angling for Him—Letter of Good Advice.

"We read a great deal nowadays about bunco steerers being bitten by their victims," and in doubt many of these stories are perfectly true. It's allowed and making the con man look like a lead nickel. When I read about two farmers coming on from Hartford the other day and showing slx shooters under the noses of a couple of greengoods men it reminded me of a little incident in the carter of a certain famous member of the profit will be substantially appreciated the same of a little incident in the carter of a certain famous member of the profit will be substantially and after the province of a little incident in the carter of a certain famous member of the profit will be substantially and after the province of a little incident in the carter of a certain famous member of the profit will be a lead nickel. When I read about two farmers coming on from Hartford the other day and shoving slx shooters under the noses of a couple of greengoods men it reminded me of a little incident in the carter of a certain famous member of the profit of the many of the kind that I ever heard of.

"Well I'm said with year he said. There was a day here, which even now the section of the kind that I ever heard of."

Thought He'd Pound a Profitable Victim in a Bienevolent Looking Stranger Interested in Philanthropp—Process of Angling for Him—Letter of Good Advice.

"Well I'm said with swing dy impediant your of the Vosemite there as such that the very interesting, said of more than the least of the signal at the station on the hills above Agana all the population crowded of the victims of the victims of the signal at the station on the hills above Agana all the population crowded of a certain famous member of the profit of the victims, and of all the ships that said the living force which destroyed the hated po been made to feel for centuries, and of which, even now, he is unable to shake off the dread. When a Spanish uniform is sighted the native stiffens in his tracks to render salute as the officer passes. In the period between the departure of the Charleston and the arrival of the Yosemite, ships were few and far between. Those on the Yosemite bewailed the prospect of a tri-monthly mail and have been agreeably disappointed. The Solace was the first to arrive followed by the Nero-two ships in September. In October to the surprise of all, the transport Ohio sailed into the harbor, stopping for a couple of days while on her way home. The mail was as a gift from Heaven, for December was the earliest at least when a mail was expected. The weariness disappeared, and bright, laughing faces once more appeared among the garrison. Several women came up to Agana, and their faces were as welcome as the mail.

Seven days later the hospital ship Relief came into port, bound to Manila, and bringing home mail only a month old. When the news was told In town the hearers could scarcely believe it: it was too good to be true. The pleasure consisted not only in getting the mail, but also in the feeling that the island was not so entirely cut off from the messenger will call for an answer. Yours truly,

"Well, Stim Jim Bates took the largest tumble
to himself after he read that letter that he had
ever taken in his life. He folded it carefully, put
it in his pocket and walked out of the house. How
he squared himself with his partner I don't know,
but I do know how his partner got square with
Jim. He just told that story to every friend
and acquaintence that Jim ever had, and the
roasting that Jim got on the strength of it was
something terrible. I understand that Jim malled
the old foreign-mission codger a letter, before he
left town, swearing that he would bunco some
member of his family before he died if he spent
the balance of his days in jail for it. I never
heard whether he carried out his threat or not,
but I guess he didn't. The whole thing was a
bluff of course." world, and though only a ninhead in size on the chart, it was not overlooked by the powers that be. Within a few days after the sailing of the Relief the steamer Uranus came into port, having on hoard a Spanish commission of military offi cers, who are engaged in collecting and disposing of the various Spanish material of war in the Marianne and Caroline islands. One almost turned up his nose at the three months' old mail on the Uranus after the recent mail on the Relief. In November the list of ships arriving consists of the Nero, the Newark and the Zapiro, and a little eleven ton schooner which was imp enough to make the voyage here from J The only merchant ships that call at this are those of the Hiki Trading Company, a Jap-anese firm. A ship comes in about once in three months, bringing a cargo of rice and flour and taking away copra.

To the native the arrival of so many naval ships is interesting, and it makes him feel, that Pulling Press Proots of Paintings in Prin-

To the native the arrival of so many naval ships is interesting, and it makes him feel that his native land is advancing in importance, and he is puzzled, not to say pained, at seeing the price of provisions steadily go up, and the stock steadily go down. The island can be made self supporting, but it is not so owing to the laziness of the native. In the Charleston-Yosemite period of standstill, the merchants were afraid to order new supplies, and the old stock is now exhausted. Flour is so scarce as to be almost beyond price; rice sells at 10 cents, gold, a pound. Yams are in season, and there are bread fruit and bananase, but the native requires more than these. It will be a clever merchant who gets in the first shack. The most modern edifice in Guam is a water distilling plant, which has just been completed. The drinking water of the town has been and ever will be out of the question so far as any but the native is considered. The troops were supplied with distilled water from the ables we have the two of black printer's ink were distributed about the long tables, and the artists in the club were with distilled water from the ships, which had to be hauled some five miles daily. The necessity the long tables, and the artists in the club were invited to sit down to a monotype party, while the lay members and guests stood about and watched the painters.

Monotypes, like etchings, have a peculiar personal and autographic value, for not above two

SUCH IS SOUTH AFRICA.

Vivid Picture in Miniature of the Lower

Advertisement.

Part of the Dark Continent. From Ainslee's Magazine. You land in South Africa at the foot of a mountain 3.600 feet high. They call it Table Mountain, and the veil of mist that, excepting on very clear days, overhangs it, South Africans are pleased to term the "Tablecloth." Presenting a front of solid rock, 1,000 feet in height, perpendicular as a wall, and for half a mile on top level, this mountain offers the best natural signboard on earth. Time and again have British firms

attempted with fabulous sums to secure it for advertising purposes, but, as yet, there has been no such defacement. no such defacement.

Table Mountain marks the tip end of the Dark Continent. Below it nestles the city of Cape Town, a beautiful bay stretching out in the foreground. On the west the mountain breaks off abruptly, and the railroad skirts about it to the interior. On the east it slopes off into a hilly, picturesque formation known as the "Lion's Back," and then gradually rises into the Drakensburg Mountains. This is the only great mountain range south of This is the only great mountain range south of the Zambesi, and by noting its location one may understand in a trice just what South Africa is geographically. Steaming along the east coast from Cape Colony northward, you have the Drakensburg in view nearly all the way to Beira, a distance of 2,000 miles. In Cape Colony and Natal the mountains in many places dip the water's edge, and with a field glass one may see

watched the painters.

Monotypes, like eichings, have a peculiar personal and autographic value, for not above two impressions may be had from a single painting; and there is the further charm of uncertainty, too, in these works, for no one knows just what it is to be the result of passing his painting on a plate of steel through the proof press.

The spectacle was a novel one. The tables that a while ago were covered with a hundred beer steins, were now given over to the ink cans, brushes and paint rags of a score of well-known painters, each of whom was bending over a sketch or study in his own characteristic manner, which presently upon issuing from the press was or was not recognizably like what it was intended

A lady living at Lawrence, Mass., describes an interesting condition

of affairs in her household. When she first heard of Ripans Tabules she was having an awful spell with her stomach. She had had them off and on all her life and had swallowed enough medicines to stock up a drug store. "I was losing flesh every day," said she. "Some days I was so weak I couldn't get out of bed. I know if I hadn't got relief I wouldn't be here now." Two dollars' worth of Ripans Tabules was all she ever used, and they made her a well woman. Her husband says she looks better now than he ever saw her. She made him take the Tabules for biliousness and they acted just as well in his case. Ripans Tabules are a regular stand-by in that family now

WANTED:—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package and accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N-S, 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St. New York.

## BABY STAGG IS A WONDER. YALE ATHLETE'S WAY OF BRINGING

UP HIS SON. Has Transformed a Rather Weakly Infant

Into a Prodigy-Feats by an Eight-Months-Old Baby Which All Grown Ups Cannot Duplicate-Surprising Ideas for Mothers. CHICAGO, Jan. 5 .- Alonzo A. Stagg, Jr., son of Prof. A. A. Stagg, director of athletics at the University of Chicago, is a miniature Sandow. He is a baby eight and a half months old, and has

had a course of physical training since he was four weeks old. From that time the baby has been able to stand erect balancing himself on his father's hand held at arm's length. He swings from a trapeze bar by his hands, stands on his head, walks, and arches his back like an athlete. He can lie flat on his back and put his big toe in his mouth. He can lie flat on his back and rise to a sitting posture without turning on his side or lifting himself by his feet or his elbows. This is done entirely by using the abdominal muscles, and is beyond the power of nine men out of ten. The Stagg baby is probably the strongest child of his age in the world.

A. A. Stagg, Jr., is the only child of his parents, and he started in life with physical equipment a little below rather than above the ordinary.

"At four weeks old," says Prof. Stagg, "the baby weighed just what he did when he was born. He hadn't grown a bit. He had had a spell of filness, and at the time we hadn't much idea that he would live through it. Well, when I saw the fight the little fellow was having, it occurred to me that perhaps I could help him. That is the way his athletic training began."

To-day Alonzo, Jr., weighs twenty-one pounds, and at twelve months he will probably tip the scales at twenty-four pounds. Twenty-two pounds is the weight of the average baby at a year old. a baby something out of the ordinary at first sight. Stepping into the nursery, Prof. Stagg came back

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